

Silicone

by persnef

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Silicone

Title: Silicone (1/1) Author: Persnef Distribution: ask and I will let you Rating: uhh, not very high pg I guess Spoilers: everything Disclaimer: Joss owns btvs, the song silicone is by mono. I don't know what album, because I got it off the lfn soundtrack (the indented stuff are the lyrics) Feedback: please do Summary: a future Willow Note: I know it's kind of obvious, but it's a songfic that was bugging me. I had to write it so I could study for my exam.

**** She quietly rolled out of the bed without disturbing her lover. With a glance back at him, she grabbed a discarded shirt and put it on. She moved over to the window and stood there, deep in thought.

Willow had a lot to think about. The last few years had been very trying for her. Her friendships had stretched and were under a lot of stress. She had lost friends and gained friends. She had almost died more times than she cared to think about.

And she had started sleeping with a monster.

So many times I've tried to make you understand You never tried to see behind my smile

Buffy had never understood how it could have happened, and Buffy's lack of understanding still angered Willow, even after so many years.

Spike had returned to Sunnydale, and had been as big a bastard as ever. As he had on all his previous forays into Sunnydale, he had tortured the living and the unliving inhabitants unmercilessly.

After Angel had left, and Parker had royally screwed her over, Buffy

had thrown herself into her duties as the Slayer. She had no idea if there was going to be a replacement for Faith, but really she didn't care. She devoted her every moment to ridding Sunnydale of it's undead population. Then, when Spike became a real nuisance, she had ignored the rest of the undead in town, and just concentrated on the removal of Spike.

In her blinkered quest to drive a stake into Spike's undead heart, Buffy had inadvertently allowed the undead in town to flourish and thrive. With no Slayer to keep them in check, the undead slowly claimed Sunnydale, taking person by person, starting with those who held powers. Witches, werewolves, gypsies, all were fair game if they were alive and had powers based on the moon or the spirit of death. And one night, they took Willow.

Willow was the only person concerned with the disappearances. Oz was still out of town, Buffy had Giles and Xander under her thumb in her quest for Spike, and Anya - well, Anya may have been mortal, but she was still a demon. What did she care if humans were disappearing?

So Willow researched and investigated, and discovered that all those missing were...special. And they were all still missing - no bodies had been found.

And one night Willow was hurrying home. She hadn't noticed how late it was, and when she next looked up, it was dark outside.

Giles and Xander of course were out helping Buffy to find Spike, so Willow decided she should make her own way back to her dorm.

She remembered cutting through the park, and the next thing she could remember was a dark room with air that had the tinny taste of blood.

That's when Willow found out what had happened to all the missing people. The demons of Sunnydale had, for once, shown some intelligence. Instead of waiting until some big event, to make a big issue out of opening the hellmouth, they had discovered that they could do it slowly, and without raising any attention, by slowly torturing Wiccans and other harnessers of magic to death, and using their life essence to open the hellmouth.

Two days into Willow's torture, Spike had waltzed into where Willow was being held. The vampire torturing Willow had sneered at Spike, then ignored him.

Due to Spike's aversion to the opening of the hellmouth, he was not amused with what had been occurring whilst he was getting hunted by the Slayer, so he had come to see how it was being done. When he saw that there were just two vampires in the room, and one upstairs, he decided to risk foiling their plans.

He walked up to the one not torturing Willow, and quietly staked him, and then did the same to the one torturing her. He then ran out, disposed of the vamp outside, and came back in. He released Willow, and took her back to his own lair.

Spike had been attracted to Willow for months, ever since he had kidnapped her, and so decided to take advantage of the situation. He

patched her up as best he could, and let her heal. When she had healed, he told her in no uncertain terms that he had rescued her, and he expected payment.

So she paid. What else was she to do?

The problem was, emotionally, she was still wounded from her torture, and the fact that Spike had been the one to rescue her, rather than Buffy. As the first being to show her kindness since she had been tortured, she latched on to Spike like a lifeline, and then found that she couldn't let go.

It was then Spike found out just how predictable he was, because he didn't want her to let go.

Even after he released her, she would return to his bed after school every afternoon.

If I didn't know you like I do I'd let you into the secret in me

She never told Buffy. She knew the Slayer would be incapable of understanding.

Because she knew she had to, she told Giles and the gang about the demons' plan, and how they had kidnapped and tortured her. This sent the Slayer into extreme guilt mode, especially as she hadn't even noticed that her friend was missing.

The Slayer begged forgiveness at every moment, as did Giles and Xander. Anya just smirked at Willow all the time. She knew someone who had been claimed by a demon when she saw one, and Willow so definitely had been claimed by Spike that the rest of the vampires in town wouldn't have dared choose her as their dinner.

And still Buffy, Giles and Xander didn't know.

One day Buffy followed Willow home. She had tried calling Willow the last few times, only to be told by her roommate that she wasn't there. So she followed Willow into a rather old part of town, and into an old house. She sat outside and waited for Willow to reemerge, but she didn't, so the Slayer left for patrol.

She continued this for the next few days, and eventually, her patience got the better of her. She cornered Willow and asked her straight.

"Just a friend, Buffy," Willow said, "A friend who was there for me after I got kidnapped."

Buffy was shocked that Willow had other friends, but accepted the explanation and let her go, but followed her back to the old house again. Then she wandered back to the school to tell Giles and Xander.

Anya couldn't help it. When the Slayer burst in shrieking about Willow staying with a friend who was there for her after she was kidnapped, she lost it. Anya started laughing so hard she fell off of the chair she was sitting on. Three pairs of eyes swung round to glare at her.

"This is not a laughing matter!" yelled the Slayer as she stamped her foot down like a petulant child.

But no matter how hard she tried, the Slayer could not get Anya to share why she found the situation so amusing.

Worried, Buffy and Xander hurried over to the old house. Using skills he had picked up on his road trip, the two of them broke in. There was no one there, which suited the pair fine. Looking around, they found evidence of Willow - some of her clothes, her stuffed animals, her favourite type of chocolate in the fridge. And they found men's clothes in the wardrobe, and a large selection of punk cd's.

And there was only one bed with linen on it.

Bemused, they reported back to Giles.

"Leather! Giles, she's staying with a *guy* who wears leather!" said Buffy.

Anya snorted.

"And bed! Let's not be forgetting the whole one-bed-with-sheets-on-it thing here!" said Xander.

Anya started giggling.

"Yes, well, Willow is a grown woman you know. She -she is entitled to - uh - *sleep* with whomever she chooses."

"Giles! *Not* what I wanted to hear!" Buffy stormed off in disgust to go confront Willow, Anya's laughter echoing after her.

Xander and Buffy broke into the house again.

They came to the doorway of the bedroom, and stopped short.

There was their innocent friend Willow, lying naked in the arms of a soulless, homicidal maniac named Spike.

They couldn't believe it. Buffy shrieked, and Spike and Willow leapt out of the bed. The only thing that stopped Buffy from staking Spike was the fact that he too was naked, and Buffy's curiosity overwhelmed her Slayer instincts.

Spike grabbed the sheet off the bed and wrapped it around both of them, and then glared at Buffy.

Just because I'm good at fooling you
When no one's around I walk in your shoes
I'm smiling while lying to you
I'm smiling while lying to you

Buffy never accepted it, or understood it. She refused to talk to Willow, or even look at her.

Willow made active overtures at first, because she really wanted Buffy's friendship back. Then she realised that she didn't anymore. She continued to research for Giles, but more out of a desire to allow humans to shape their own destinies, rather than from any

obligation towards the Slayer.

As far as the gang knew, Willow still wanted Buffy to be her friend. In Buffy's own weird way, she still valued Willow, and was glad that Willow still wanted to be friends with her.

If you only knew.

Although she appeared strong, it would have killed Buffy if she knew that Willow no longer cared about her.

But Willow had thought about it, and decided that Buffy would never understand the situation. So Willow continued to fool her, to fool them all into thinking that she still cared. The only reason she still did so was so that the Slayer remained coherent and sane. She didn't want to have to cope with another insane slayer.

I always tried to hide behind a painted smile
So many tears the public never see

Then Oz came back to town, and he picked up her new scent right away. He couldn't fault her for it. After all, he had been promiscuous whilst they still had a secure relationship. She'd been promiscuous after he'd cheated on her.

To him, also, she pretended everything was just fine. But Oz knew her better. Before they had been lovers, they had been good friends, and he made her share her problems.

She cried for the first time since she had been kidnapped.

She cried for Oz, who she had stopped loving.

She cried for Buffy and Xander, who she had stopped caring about.

But most of all, she cried for herself, a little girl who had come to depend on a demon who would always need her, but would never be kind and gentle to her, and who would never love her like she wanted to be loved.

If I didn't know you like I do I'd let you into the secret in me

She heard a noise behind her. Her lover had rolled over, and flung his arm over the spot where she usually was. Soon, his body would notice she wasn't there, and he would wake up.

I'm smiling while lying to you
When will you see through

Needless to say, being a demon, Spike didn't understand.

All he knew was that the Slayer, the moron and the watcher were making Willow - his Willow - unhappy, and had to pay.

It had taken all of Willow's control for three years to stop Spike from killing her old friends. Every time she disappeared and reappeared with fresh scars and new nightmares, the demon would emerge, and it was getting harder and harder to keep him away from them. It was getting harder not only because he had a greater desire

to kill them, but because she had less of a desire to stop him.

Buffy, Xander and Giles never knew how close they came to dying every time Willow disappeared.

I'm smiling while lying to you But you can't see my smile love

The sun was beginning to lighten the sky. She closed the curtain and turned back to the bed, where her lover looked at her from under hooded eyes. He knew something was wrong, but he couldn't understand why. He had never understood human women even when he was still human, so he left her to puzzle it through herself.

He reached out a hand to her. She discarded the shirt and climbed back into bed. He arranged himself around her possessively, and shut his eyes again. She sighed and tried to go back to sleep.

I'm smiling while lying to you If you only knew

End
file.